

they got the range very fairly, and knocked clay off the top of the ramparts in the men's faces, the majority of the shots went very high, and, after whizzing over some tents, fell in amongst some cavalry on the heights in the centre of the position, or dropped right into the sea, without hurting any one. This lasted about an hour, during the whole of which the cannonade continued towards the outwork and on the extreme right with the same violence as ever, and now became mingled with a sharp rattle of musketry, which inspired some apprehension for those parts of the field from this point not visible.

In the early part of the day I had planted myself in the redoubt held by Colonel Ogilby's regiment, but as soon as it opened fire it became untenable for lookers on, partly on account of the smoke, and the impossibility of remaining upright, without making one's person a target for such portions of the Russian artillery as might think it a suitable point of aim. On going higher up along the entrenchment I witnessed some splendid practice from the Valorous steamer in the harbour, which threw shells with great precision across the mounds of sand on the sea-shore, and in amongst the cavalry on the left, causing them to shift their position several times, till they got fairly out of range. Throughout the Turkish artillery acquitted itself remarkably well; after every shot we could see the enemy's horses rolling over, or flying off riderless across the field. Their artillery must certainly have suffered severely, as was testified by the number of dead horses, and fragments of gun carriages found afterwards. About 10 o'clock a column composed of the Azovski regiment was pushed forward to the assault on the extreme right, where they had less to fear from the fire of the artillery, through a large graveyard filled with memorials of departed worth in the shape of stones of every size and form, from the simple cross or head-stone of the peasant to the square and ponderous tomb of some wealthy shopkeeper, or director of the quarantine. What induced them to choose such a spot as this for the attack, it is hard to imagine, as the inequalities of the ground must have thrown them more or less into disorder from the first moment. A few minutes previously the Russians had sent a rocket party on shore, who landed on the extreme right of the town, and coming round amongst the windmills opened their fire on the Russians just as the head of the column issued from the burying-ground and appeared on the glacis, and at the same moment the musketry commenced from the entrenchment. The column pushed on to a distance of not more than 20 yards from the ditch, but there gave way and fell into disorder. Selim Pasha now made a sortie with a brigade of Egyptians, and charged them with the bayonet; but, in the act of leading his men on, received a musket-ball through the body, and fell dead. Ismail Bey was also wounded on the same occasion. The Russians now fell into disorder, gave way, and retired, leaving the graveyard strewn with their dead. The artillery limbered up, and went off, firing occasional shots till it passed the brow of the hill. The cavalry preceded it at a canter, but when on the other side the whole retreated in the most beautiful order, to a distance of about two miles, where they bivouacked on the plain.

Immediately after the cessation of the firing, I walked down to the Crownwork, and at every yard along the inside of the inner entrenchment found traces of the conflict, in the shape of battered houses, dead horses, and here and there wounded or dead men. These were, however, the natural consequences of 4 hours' fierce cannonading, and I passed them without bestowing much attention on them, till I was stopped in a narrow passage between the parapet and a ruined wall, by two soldiers marching abreast, with a very excited triumphant air, and each carrying in his hand, what I at first took to be a pig's head, but which on nearer approach I found to my infinite disgust to be the heads of two unfortunate Russians who had fallen in the graveyard, one from the long hair, evidently that of a Greek volunteer; the other the closely cropped scull of a soldier of the line—both gory and disfigured, leaving bloody traces on the ground over which they passed. I had scarce recovered from my surprise and horror, when I met two other savages bearing aloft on the points of their bayonets two other trophies of a similar nature. They had hardly passed me, however, when they were stopped by the news that their two confederates who had preceded them, on laying this hideous spoils at the feet of Omar Pasha, as they expected to be patted on the back, and receiving a good bak sheesh were instantly arrested and marched off to prison. The two last instantly lost their enthusiasm, drooped their bayonets, and went back, with a very downcast air, all the way looking as if they wished to rid themselves of their burden without exhibiting their fears to their comrades.

The scene in the interior of the outwork was terrific. Men lay on every side gashed and torn by these frightful wounds which round shot invariably inflict. Here a gory trunk, looking as if the head had been wrenched from the shoulders by the hand of a giant; there an artilleryman, lying across a splinter of his own gun carriage, the splintered bones of his thighs protruded from the flesh; another cut in two as if by a knife, and his body doubled up like a strip of brown paper. The artillery horses and their drivers were stationed amongst the

windmills which stand in thick clusters between the outworks and the fortifications of the interior, and as the whole of this space was swept for nearly two hours by the fire of the battery which was last brought up, the havoc was dreadful. Nearly 80 artillery horses were killed on a small patch of ground, some by the shot, others by the splinters of wood and stone, which flew in showers from the mills at every discharge, and the soil was strewn with their blood and entrails. I saw all the horses of one gun knocked together into one indiscriminate mass, as if some mighty force had squeezed them up like so much butter. The mills presented the most ludicrous spectacle; some had one arm left, others two, and some were tumbled into a mass of ruins, from which a wheel or a wing stuck up in the air as if protesting against the outrage. None of all these things however, attracted much attention from the defenders of the position. All were talking loudly, some few laughing; artillerymen, taking the harness off the dead horses, and making repairs on the damaged guns; some throwing up fresh clay where the works had suffered; others carrying off the wounded in blankets many of the latter groaning loudly; others reverently covering the face of the dead with their coats, and all this amongst a hum and buzz of voices which rose as merrily and cheerfully upon the morning air, towards the sunny sky, as if it were the close of a fete, and no grim evidences of a bloody struggle on every yard of the soil.—Omar Pasha rode round soon after, with a large staff, and most of the European officers who were in the place, and in his train I went down to the graveyard.

The firing had certainly not ceased 20 minutes, and yet at least 2,000 Tartars had rushed out of the town and stripped and plundered the dead Russians. When Omar Pasha reached the spot he drove them all away, but not before every one of the bodies was stark naked. The greater number were very young men, some mere boys; all wore an expression of perfect repose; no straining or distortion was visible either in the features or the limbs; they lay like men who were weary and slept. Many were half buried and crushed under the tomb-stones, which the round-shot and the rockets had hurled from their places, and sent flying in pieces in all directions. Many of the Russians had still a shred of a shirt or an old pair of drawers clinging to their mangled remains, and it would have required no great stretch of imagination to have supposed them the peaceable tenants of the tombs around, who had risen to ask the cause of the wild tumult which raged above their abodes. In all 200 bodies were collected and buried by the Turks. As the artillery must have carried off a large portion of theirs, as is usually the case, I think the Russian loss may be fairly estimated at 300 killed and 700 wounded. The Turks have lost 80 killed and 200 wounded. These accounts both exceed my rough guess given in a telegraphic despatch immediately after the action. The damage done to the fortifications was very trifling, and was repaired in three or four hours. The troops are now working night and day in strengthening the position, and I think no fears whatever, considering the large force which garrison it, and notwithstanding the enormous masses of artillery with which the Russians threaten it, need be entertained as to its safety. The whole of Liprandi's division is supposed to be here. They have an overwhelming force of cavalry all round the town, and they are right, for no finer cavalry ground, I supposed, exists in the world. The whole country from this to Perkop is one immense plain, smooth as a bowling-green.

February 19.

Another attack was expected to-day and yesterday, but both have passed off without any occurrence worthy of note. The disembarkation of troops and stores goes on, notwithstanding the stormy weather, which renders all operations of this kind very difficult. The Tribune and Curlew arrived from the fleet yesterday. The Russians have retired nearly two leagues hence. The main guard of their cavalry is, however, still in the plain below the town. The videts are less numerous than before the attack. It is considered not improbable that their next attempt will be made in the night. I omitted to mention that seven of the town were killed and 20 wounded in the affair of the 17th. The want of surgeons was greatly felt. The Tartars have eaten or salted all the dead horses of both parties. For the last two days they have been feasting and making merry. This need excite neither pity nor surprise, as horse flesh, more majorum is their usual food, even in their village.—Correspondent of the Daily News.

CAPTURE OF A REDOUBT BY THE FRENCH.

By way of Germany, Constantinople letters to the 1st of March have been received, they publish accounts of the attacks made by the French, on the night between the 23d and 24th of February, upon the redoubts erected by the Russians in front of the left flank of the fortifications of Sebastopol, and in some measure explain the contradiction existing between the despatch of Prince Menschikoff relative to that affair, and the despatches from French quarters. The latter represent the French as having stormed the redoubt and completely defeated the Russians; Prince Menschikoff's despatch, on the other hand, stated that the French had been repulsed with a loss of 600 men.

It appears that the French did take the redoubts by storm, but then found themselves exposed to a murderous fire from the batteries, and even from the guns of some Russian vessels anchored in the port. The position was not tenable, and, having destroyed the redoubts they had taken, they withdrew with about 400 men hors de combat, of which number 100 were killed.

A letter dated Constantinople, March 1, says:—The delay which took place in the distribution of the letters by the last mail from the Crimea did not allow me to send you an account of a feat of arms which took place on the night between the 23rd and 24th of February. For some time it was known that the Russians were erecting important works of counter attack near the Malakhoff Tower, towards which the French lines were gradually approaching nearer and nearer. As these works were likely to embarrass the French miners and disturb the plans of the allies, it was resolved to destroy them. To this effect, a portion of the Third Division, under the orders of General Monet, advanced during the night of the 23rd, and attacked the Russians in their entrenchments. The Russians, much superior in numbers made a valiant defence; but notwithstanding their resistance, and the fire of the batteries and the vessels in port which bore upon the battleground, they were driven out of their position and the works destroyed. This it appears was the sole object of this nocturnal expedition, as there was no idea of remaining in a position which could be swept easily by the guns of the port. The French returned after accomplishing their object, but not without considerable loss, estimated at 100 killed and 300 wounded. Among the former there were seven or eight officers, and some 20 officers wounded. General Monet had the thumb of his right hand shot off, and received a shot in his arm. The loss of the Russians, which must have been considerable, could not be ascertained.

Heights before Sebastopol, March 3.

Thermometer 28 deg. but no wind blowing and no severity of weather. The French and Russians have availed themselves of the fineness of the night to keep up a constant fire of musketry and guns on each other from the trenches. The mail leaves in a few minutes from the post office.

A merchant sailor, who was visiting a friend in one of the batteries on Sunday last, had his face greatly lacerated by the bursting of a shell from the Russians as he was in the act of lighting his pipe.

The 39th had three men killed or mortally wounded by the fire of the Russian riflemen the first day they went into the trenches. These casualties arose from the neglect of the men to keep under cover.

The horses of the cavalry and artillery continue to suffer severely, notwithstanding the improvement of the weather. They are now nearly all in wooden sheds. Captain Barker's troops which has been station close to Kadikoi, so that the men were enabled to get forage and stabling for the horses, when those who were nearer the front could do nothing of the kind, has suffered least of all; but the care of the commanding officers has also had something to do with their efficiency. Even this troop has lost many horses. Major Brandling's troop is in admirable order, and their encampment is the perfection of neatness, order, and comfort, but the hard work, want of food, and exposure the horses have undergone has reduced them to a diseased and enfeebled condition.

The French throw rockets of a new construction every night into Sebastopol. They seem to answer remarkably well, and are accurate in flight and long in range.—Times Correspondent.

The Times correspondent, writing on the 2nd instant says, the silence and calm of the last few days are but the omens of the struggle which is about to be renewed speedily for the possession of Sebastopol. The Russians are silent, because the allies do not impede the progress of their works; the allies are silent because they are preparing for the contest, and are using every energy to bring up from Kamiesch and Balaklava the enormous mounds and projectiles, and mountains of ammunition, which will be required for the service of the new batteries and to extend, complete, and strengthen their offensive and defensive line and trenches. The railway has commenced to render service in saving the hard labour attendant on the transport of shot and shell and it is quite evident that an unusual display of energy has been visible recently in most of the public departments connected with the army. The word *must* begins to be heard; officers are now told that so many guns must be in the batteries on such a day, and that such a work must be finished by such a time. It is now rumoured that our fire will really be opened against the place very soon.—The 24-pounder guns are all to be retired from our batteries, and 32-pounder ship guns are to be put in their stead. In addition to this, eight new 8-inch guns are to be added to our armament, and are to be advanced to the second parallel, where the fire will be most destructive.—All this is to be done by a date which will have elapsed several days ere these lines are in print. In addition to our present stores it is hoped that 30,000 shot and shell will be up at the

front ere the 9th of this month. The Russians have begun to construct an advance from their new entrenchments at Malakoff. This is besieging with a vengeance. The French seem to have given up all notion of taking this work from the enemy, although 20,000 men were under arms the other night to do it. Emboldened by this success, the Russians are preparing to throw up another work on the right of the new trenches. A council of war was held at Lord Raglan's on the 27th, after the departure of the post. The weather has been of the most extraordinary character for the last few days.—Three days ago the very sight of a great coat or a warm pair of gloves made one perspire.—The next day it was so cold that even our immense stores of warm clothing were not superfluous. Out of the midst of summer you are suddenly precipitated at half an hour's notice into the midst of winter.

The improvement in the state of affairs before the walls, to which we alluded last week, still continues. Nearly all the regiments are now provided with huts; and the Times correspondent says that scarcely a day now passes on which Lord Raglan does not inspect some part of the lines. The lines towards the searoad from Yalta have been much strengthened; the siege works of the Allies are making progress; and the condition of the men has changed greatly for the better. So much for the "evils" of free speech and criticism.

We quote the ensuing from the Times correspondent, writing on February 19:—

"The drying winds continue, and the plateau to the south of Sebastopol can be traversed easily on horse or foot, even at the bottom of the ravines. With this fine weather the good spirits and energies of our men have returned; but I regret to say the warm wind which blew the other day brought with it, or developed the seeds of typhus fever, which broke out in several regiments lately, and soon marked some of the strongest men as its victims. The trenches are dry; the men get all they want, provisions are abundant; hay has arrived, and fresh vegetables have been sent up to the front to check scurvy. The progress of the railroad is extraordinary. It is already completed out to the entrance of the village of Kadikoi, to-morrow, it will have passed through it on its way out to the plateau, and on Wednesday it will be, in all probability, used for the transport of a cargo of shot and shell out so far from Balaklava in the intervals of the workmen's labour.

The aspect of the town is greatly altered for the better. The wretched hovels in which the Turkish soldiery propagated pestilence and died have been cleaned out or levelled to the earth; the cesspools and collections of utter abominations in the streets and lanes, and around the houses. The sutlers have been driven forth to a wooden world of their own outside the town, and the number of visitors to the town diminished. Indeed, the railway, which sweeps right through the main street, very effectually clears away the crowds of stragglers who used to infest the place. It is inexplicably strange to hear the well-known rumbling sound of the carriages and waggons as they pass to and fro with their freights of navvies, sleepers, and rails; it recalls home more strongly than any thing we have yet heard in the Crimea.

DESPATCH FROM LORD RAGLAN.

Before Sebastopol, March 3, 1855.

My Lord,—Some more ships are said to have been sunk since I wrote to your lordship on the 27th ult. I am not certain of this; but, according to my observation, the new barrier across the harbour appeared yesterday evening, to have been extended beyond the point at which I had seen it two days before.

The enemy is busily occupied in establishing a work considerably nearer the French batteries on the extreme right than that which was attacked by our allies on the morning of the 24th.

The enemy seem to be increasing their forces in the neighbourhood of Sebastopol, both to the northward and upon the Tchernaya.

The railway continues to progress satisfactorily, and we have already made considerable use of it in the conveyance of stores, hutting materials, &c., as far as Kadikoi.

The electric telegraph is completed between that village and my head quarters.

The weather has again become extremely cold and there was a fall of snow yesterday and some little this morning. I have, &c.,

RAGLAN.

To Lord Panmure, &c.

The *Moniteur* publishes the following telegraphic despatch, addressed by Admiral Bruat to the French Minister of Marine:

"Port of Kamiesch, Montebello, March 7.—The news of the death of the Emperor Nicholas arrived at Kamiesch the 6th instant, at seven o'clock in the evening. For some days we have been throwing rockets into the town, which have succeeded in setting fire to it in different places. Two Russian officers have deserted and sought refuge in the English lines. The siege works are pursued with activity."

Despatches from Balaklava of the 3rd state that the railway now extends half-way to the camp, that the position of Balaklava has been strengthened, and that the weather and the health of the troops had improved.